

Title: A Young Dreamer

Author: Snake Eyes

When I was young I
dreamt of adventure,
For years I trained
for hours at end but
was never good at any
skill, swords were
never my thing... I
almost gave up hope
for myself, let all my
dreams drift
away...then, when
walking along a
mountains edge found
a small hut in the
far distance, with a
small flicker of light
gleaming through the
window. I walked
along towards the hut
and opened the door.
There was but a
small wood fire,
burning brightly in
the middle of the
room. Out of the
corner of the room
suddenly appeared a
bearded, old man. The
man did have no name
to go by, He started to
tell me a story, which
enralveled me into his
life, this was no
ordernary man, we
spoke for hours
through the night and
into the day, there
were tales of dragons
and ogres, witches and
hags. The old man
came to an end and
asked me what I had
done with my life, I
replied "I have done
nothing, I have no
worth in my life,
nothing to look
forward too". He

thought this was an awful life to be living, and told me there was an alternative. "Magic" he exclaimed. From this Mysterius old man i learned the art of magic and embarked on a new life in Brittain...